The Saturday News

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Jasper's Note Book

Nearly two weeks have elapsed since the Titanic came to grief, but the disaster continues to overshadow everything. The enquiry is making many details plain, but what was mainly responsible was apparent from the first.

The company and the government officials whose duty it was to safeguard the public were so convinced that the grave perils of ocean navigation had been obviated that the most

Boat builders are now overwhelmed with orders for lifeboats. The Marconi company stock is soaring to the skies in anticipation of regulations requiring the installation of the system on all ocean-going craft. It is the old, old story. We seldom seem to be able to figure things out in advance. The simplest propositions, both in a public and private way, have to be impressed upon us by actual hard experience.

The designer of the Titanic declares that he never said it was unsinkable. In fact, there could be no such thing as an unsinkable boat, we are told. The British Board of Trade should have known this, and knowing it, should have seen to it that sufficient lifeboats were provided to look after all on board. And the service that the Marconi system could render having been demonstrated, why was it not utilized long ago to the extent that is now proposed?

A storm of indignation has broken about the head of Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, the managing director of the company. The average man would certainly much prefer to have his body at the ...tom of the sea than be in Mr. Ismay's shoes ...day.

He was the leading official of the corporation to the care of which these hundreds of people had entrusted themselves. But a few men could be taken off the steamer. Was it in keeping with the fitness of things that men like C. M. Hays and W. T. Stead should go down and Mr. Ismay be saved?

English newspapers use harsh terms regarding the Americans who are criticizing the managing director, and say that there was no reason why he should have sacrificed his life. There was no reason why he should, if in staying behind he did nothing to help anybody else. But his place in the lifeboats could have been taken by another, and it was clearly his duty to have seen to it that this was what happened.

There is such a thing as showing too much consideration for a man who finds himself in the position of Mr. Ismay. One cannot help feeling sorry for him in a measure, as for anyone who fails to stand a test at such a crisis and has to face the consequences. But the fact that he acted otherwise than he should have, should not be glossed over. None of us can tell when without a moment's warning we may be called upon to reach a decision such as was forced upon him and with this grim tragedy in the minds of everyone, it is well that it should be clearly understood what is expected of a man under such conditions.

It is a matter of no small pride to Canadians to know that of the score of their fellow countrymen on board, not one failed to play the man at the moment of supreme trial.

The Toronto Globe publishes an interview with a lawyer of that city who was present at a conversation which took place between Mr. W. T. Stead and the late Dr. Goldwin Smith on the occasion of the great editor's last visit to that city. He was discussing some topic with his accustomed energy, and Dr. Smith interrupted him to say that if he did not take things more quietly he would wear himself out soon.

"Have no fear, doctor," said Stead with characteristic directness. "There has come to me the assurance that I shall live every moment of my days. I shall be wiped out at the end—sometimes it is borne upon me that I shall be kicked and beaten to death by a mob on the streets of old London, at other times I seem to realize my end as one of the victims in a great disaster which will wipe out hundreds."

"Strange idea," was Dr. Goldwin Smith's quiet and only comment.

"I shall know when the end comes. Till then I have my work to do," replied the fatalist. And other conversation proceeded.

Mr. Stead was in the habit of talking with great assurance on topics such as this. The positiveness of his statements regarding his alleged communications with the spiritual world made many put him down as a charlatan. He held that there was no longer the slightest question as to whether life persisted beyond the grave. The manner in which his forecast of his own ending has been verified gives one, who has been in the habit of reading what he had to say about the operation of forces transcending ordinary human experience, "powerfully to think." But whether he was self-deluded or not, there is something that we must all envy about a man's feeling that he is "to live every moment of his days."

Word came to Edmonton during the week of the death, by going through the ice just before the break-up of the Athabasca River, of Mr. Lawrence Chipman, who was in charge of a survey party for the Edmonton-Dunvegan railway. As one looks back over a period of years he is brought to realize how large is the company of those who have in the opening up of this country sacrificed their lives in doing the work of the pathfinders. The men of the survey parties are hardly given the recognition that is their due, considering the importance and the arduousness of their task.

Mr. E. W. Thomson, the well-known Canadian publicist and poet, who was a civil engineer before he became a journalist, and who is at present paying a visit to Edmonton, has given us a picture of the life of a man out on survey work, the truthfulness of which all who have ever had anything to do with it will recognize, when he speaks of

"Ten fur coat men on North Saskatchewan's plain—
Pure zero cold and all the prairie white—
Englishman, Scotchman, Scandinavian, Dane,
Two Irish, four Canadians—all for gain
Of food and raiment, children, parents, wives,
Living the hardest life that man survives;
And secret proud, because it is so hard.
Exploring, camping, axeing, faring lean—
Month in and out no creature had we seen
Except our burdener dogs, gaunt foxes gray,
Hard-featured grouse that shot would seldom slay,
Slinking coyotes, plumy-trailing owls,
Stark Indians warm in rabbit-blanket cowls,
And still as shadows in their deep-tracked yard,
The dun, vague moose we startled from our way."

Further on in the poem, he tells how

"Speech was low around our bivouac fire
Since in our inmost heart of hearts there grew
The sense of mortal feebleness to see
Those silent miracles of Might on high,
Seemingly done for only such as we,
In sign how nearer death and doom we drew,
While in the ancient tribal soul we knew
Our old, hard-faring father Vikings' dreams
Of Odin at Valhalla's open door,
Where they might see the battle-father's face
Glowing at last when life and toil were o'er,
Were they but staunch enduring in their place."

It is a pity we have not more poets who reflect the life of the young nation. Most of those we can lay claim to are too much disposed to be mere imitators or find their inspiration far from home.

A letter posted at Montrose, England, and addressed to "The Clerk of the Council, Edmonton," was sent to this city, where it was found that it was intended for Edmonton, England. Who was it said that the Alberta capital was not known abroad? For publicity purposes the story of John Gilpin and his famous ride must, it is clear, take a back seat when compared with our Board of Trade literature.

The arrest of a boy gang in Edmonton, the members of which had been engaged in robbing houses and imitating Jesse James methods so far as the opportunity offered, should serve to show the need once again of helping along the work which aims at directing boys' energies along the right lines. The Boy Scout movement is becoming more popular all the time, and is undoubtedly accomplishing a great deal. The criticism that has been made of it is most of it foolish in the extreme. The right kind of youngster will never consent to be a molly-coddle, and if he is not given the required scope for the exercise of essentially boyish faculties, under intelligent direction, he is bound to take this of his own accord in such ways as to make him a source of present and future danger to the community.

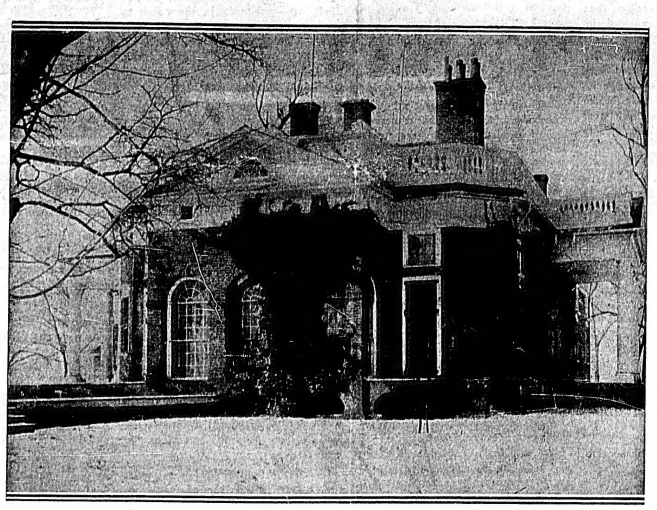
Mr. McAdoo, an experienced New York magistrate, had something to say recently about the big problem which the existence of boy-gangs in that city presents.

"From the ranks," he declared, "of these lawless, reckless rowdies, who are organized in bands or bound up with chums or pals, come most of the crop of burglars, truck thieves, hold-up men and other criminals and dangerous characters."

Much of course can be done in a public way. But it can never make up for the lack of personal influence. It has been said that many a father only comes to know his son when he is called upon to get him out of a scrape. There is much truth in this. Both the father and the son who are chums to one another are lucky. It's a fine thing for both.

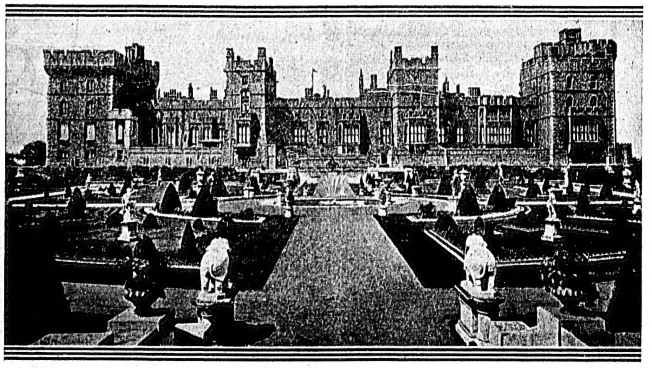
TETRAZZINI AS A GARDENER

The Prima Donna, who is a great favorite in San Fransisco, won a new liking a few days ago by planting the first tree for the big exposition by which the city of the Golden Gate is t celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. American Press Service.

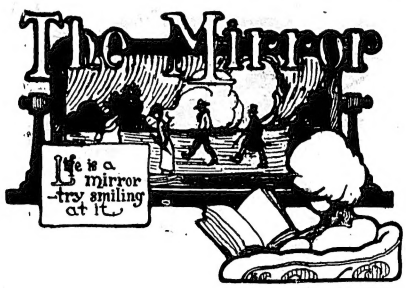


TO BE BOUGHT BY THE UNITED STATES

Monticello, the beautiful Colonial ...ansion, which was the home of Thomas Jefferson, is to be purchased by the United States Government an ...nside a museum. American Press Service.



WINDSOR CASTLE—THE EAST TERRACE



Now to your grave shall friend and stranger
With ruth and some with envy come;
Undishonored, clear of danger,
Clear of guilt, pass hence and home.

Turn safe to rest, o dreams, no waking;
And here, lads, here's the wreath I've made:
'Tis not a gift that's worth the taking
But wear it and it wil' not fade.

In the English Church Prayer Book there is an 'invocation, "from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us."

I suppose that some people really mean the sense of it when they repeat it Sunday after Sunday. A great many are of my mind, and don't. How could they when they come to think it out?

The editor of this paper last week made the remark that there are worse things in life than death. In the first news of a terrible disaster like the going down of the Titanic, people forget that fact All week we have united in a common grief.

"Isn't it too shocking ?" we have queried each other, and meant it.

We have been horrified.

Some time ago there died in this city a man who might have been anything.

He had birth, brains, high family connections, money.

He killed himself with whiskey. His was no sudden taking off. For years his heart ticked off a weaker beat than the last. Death dallied with him.

I suppose he may be said to have had the grace of a long preparation for the inevitable end.

When the candle of his life guttered out we were all genuinely sorry, yet we had watched him go to his death by inches, and never reached forth a hand to stay him.

A week ago on Sunday nearly two thousand souls went to meet their Maker, by the accident and sudden death route, against which the church lifts up its voice in solemn invocation. Yet which—which truthfully—was the sadder end ?

Some of us have a saying, that we want to die in our beds, like Christians.

Others still, that they want to die in harness, with their boots on.

Why death in bed should have any attraction, with its usual accompaniments of suffering, weakness and heart-rending partings, has always been beyond me.

Yet when we pray against a sudden taking off, I suppose that is what most of us would be supposed to mean. Stevenson had my idea of it. Stevenson who himself died by inches.

Do you know his "Aes Triplex?" Listen:

"It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser.

It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room..

"All those who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it.

Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind.

And even if Death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination ? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas

When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing that they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely at whatever age it overtakes the man, this is to die young.

Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side."

Breathing was never yet living. Many names die before their owners are laid away in their final beds.

Oh surely "standing and being still to the Birkenhead drill," was the best thing that could have happened to most of those on board the big White Star steamer. No lying awake counting the hours until the end

No staying hands to hold them back. One clear call, the quitting themselves like men, then quick oblivion.

I have read off and on all morning Kipling's "Seven Seas."

One of the poems, "Soldier and Sailor," reads with a peculiar fitness at this time. It ends so:—

"We're most of us liars, we're all of us thieves.
An' the rest are as rank as can be,
But once in a while we can finish in style,
(Which I 'ope it won't appen to me)
But it makes you think better of you and your friends,
An' the work you may have to do.
When you think of the sinkin' Victorier's Jollies—
Soldier an' sailor too!" etc.

"Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ectsacies. For us also the trap is laid."

Well, better to be caught fair and squarely than drag on a curse to those who are dear to one. Better to make the world think better of life and mankind generally because you faced the issue unafraid than to be warm with the breath of life, and wear out the tender hearts of those who cherish and love you.

To fill a watery grave, where the ocean chants a ceasless requiem than to walk the streets a renegade to what the Good Lord intended one to be; and die in old age, and be laid away with a lie, and waving plumes, and mourners whispering in the coaches, that it is better that you should have been taken.

There are many worse things than Death.

Sore hearts, the world over know this to be so.

Lack lustre eyes, debauched faces, trembling fingers, and innocence robbed of its virtue, walking the streets at this moment attest the fact.

There is a poem, written by the late Hon. John Hay, and entitled "Deathless Youth," in which Stevenson's idea of early dying, with one's illusions and beliefs still untarnished and inviolate, is very beautifully expressed. The poem is lost so far as any search I can make serves to reveal it, but the memory is with me, of beauty, and sweet innocence, and young bravery, and eyes unafraid.

These are memories that are sometimes all that is left to breaking hearts.

Happy the man and woman whose recollections, however painful, carry with them no bitterness.

To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Not then from "sudden death, Good Lord deliver us," but from death in life. The death of our better selves.

Voice from Doorway: "'Ow she manidges to dress in the 'ight of fashion on the money she earns licks me."

Published by special arrangement:—Tatler.

EARL GREY DRAMATIC AWARD

Early in the week came news from Ottawa of the Earl Grey Dramatic competition awards with Edmonton in fourth place for the trophy, and honorable mention for Mr. Elmslie.

Not having seen the play I am in a poor position to express any opinion either in regard to its merits, or those of the individual actors.

The cast, with the exception of the old stand-bys, Mr. Nash Mr. Robinson, and Miss Jessie Potter, were mostly new talent, but when I returned from Calgary, I heard great things of little Miss Beaufort's acting, and Mr. Elmsley seems to have made a decided impression. I heard, too, that Mr. Nash was particularly effective in the mourning scene, that Miss Forsythe was a great success, but that Mr. Robinson, the bright particular star of the old Edmonton Dramatic club, wasn't given half a chance in the small part assigned to, or taken by him.

The players who went to Ottawa this year, were not the Edmonton Dramatic club who last year landed the trophy.

The club is apparently dead. In its place they have set up "the Ten Individual players." This, I understand, was to avoid the obligations contracted by the former club, and enable them to compete for the trophy this time. The move may have been a good one, or it may not.

I think myself, that a proper committee who would have assigned the parts, as was done a year ago, and who would have insisted on rehearsals begining a good deal earlier in the game, would have brought up the percentage of marks. However, being myself a member of the old club with no knowledge whatever of the new, it may be that I am prejudiced.

Next year, if there ever is a next year, I would like to see a play chosen that would give Mr. Robinson the leading man's role. I would like too, the setting of the play to be on American shores, in which case the bulk of the players, who are Canadians, would be more at home both as regards accent and environment.

I may confess that the most serious criticism I heard of the play was just in this regard. In the effort to be "English," some of the characters became stagey—the acting itself being exceptionally good. This is frank, isn't it, but what use is dramatic criticism that only plasters?

Peggy

SUFFERING FROM ANOTHER'S GUILT.

In the early seventies Edwin Booth was a guest at the Continental Hotel in Buffalo during a professional engagement. Although Booth's melancholy temperament an' natural reticence made social affairs distasteful to him, he had an affectionate nature and a sympathetic interest in his fellow men, and he was not averse to mingling with them in a quiet way. It was not unusual with him to go into the hotel parlor occasionally, for a quiet talk with such of the guests as e' knew,

One day, when the parlor was well-filled, Mr. Booth slipped unobtrusively into the room and dropped into a chair. The young son of the proprietor, a bright little fellow six years guests, making friends with them and winning much attention by his goo' manners and his fearless confiding ways.

Mr. Booth was attracted by the youngster, and as the boy passed near his chair, reached out a friendly hand to him, and tried to lift him to his knee. But the child shrank away from him with fear and repugnance. The boy's conduct was so extraordinary that his father spoke reprovingly to him.

"Son," he said, laying his han' on the child's shoulder, "go and speak to Mr. Booth."

The little fellow stood still and looked at Booth. Then he squared his shoulders and threw his head back defiantly.

"No," he declared, in his clear, childish treble, "no, I won't speek to Mr. Booth! His brother killed Mr. Lincoln!"

A sudden hush fell on the company. Every eye involuntarily sought the face of the famous actor. Booth turned deathly pale, sat for a moment stunned, then rose and with bowed head left the room. The others soon followed silently, as if going from the presence of the martyre President himself. The man Edwin Booth, the Booth of brilliant genius, of crushing sorrows, of bitter disappointments; the Booth of gentle faith, of loyal friendships, of heroic sacrifices was forgotten. For the moment he had become simply Booth, whose brother murdered Abraham Lincoln.

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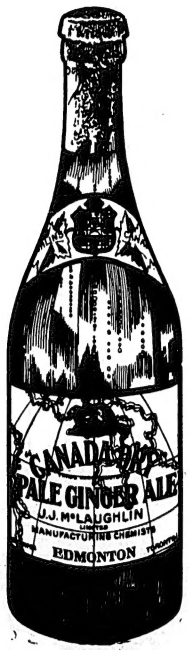

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THE LOUNGER

Philadelphia suffragettes have been discussing the misdoings of married men. So many of them have been masquerading as single that it is suggested that they should be forced to wear plain gold rings to identify them. But, as one lady rose to remark, these rings could easily be removed on occasion, so why not a ring through the nose?

By all means have the nose ring. If the suffragette plan of life is to prevail, the average married man would not give a hang what he wears, and the contemplation of this emblem of slavery will keep the predominant partner in a good humor.

But strange to say, there are some women who don't like this prospect and believe they are happier under present conditions. One of them is described in these verses

Three-Fingered Sam, he used to be
as bold as any one,
He spoke up quick. They said he
had four notches on his gun
And never took no back talk from a
stranger or a friend.
Whenever trouble started he was
there to superintend.
We stood and gazed respectful as he
drained the jovial cup.
He never went to bed but used to
sleep a-standin' up.
He was the roughest, toughest man
that ever hit the place—
And now you ought to see him! He's
completely fell from grace.

He met a gal, not five feet high and
whispy-like and pale.
She married him an' now he's hit the
water-wagon trail.
He wears a coat an' collar an' he
even combs his hair,
An' hesitates in talkin' 'cause e
knows he dasn't swear.
An' Mrs. Sam, she says she wouldn't
be no suffragette;
She's satisfied to boss one able-bodied
man, you bet,
That's ready to break loose like water
from a busted dam
An' clean up the community if she
says "Sick 'em, Sam!"

The letters to Miss Laura Jane Libbey in the heart column of the Calgary Albertan continue to be of absorbing interest. "Steno" for instance writes

"Dear Miss Libbey: I am a stenographer of 23 and at present employed in one of the large offices of the city but the position is not permanent. Since I have been in the office I have met a young lady whose desk is very near mine—in fact, we face each other all day. The girl is jolly and at all times willing to talk and visit with me and I am advised by others in the office that she is 'stuck on me.' Now what I would like to know is this: would it be proper to ask this girl to marry me, as I will not be in this office much longer and I know I stand a very good chance if I ask her now. We are both blondes, good looking, and about the same age, and would make a fine looking couple. Would you advise me to ask for her hand under the conditions described above?"

And take this from "Clarice":

"Dear Miss Libbey, I am a young girl with light hair and blue eyes. I go with a young man who often insinuates that he would like me better if I was a brunette. Should I dye my hair and win his much prized affection?"

And here is a touching communication from "H.M.S.":

"Dear Miss Libbey: I am a young girl of 19 and of course, very green. Tell me, Miss Libby, is it proper for a young man to press a girl's hand, and what does this mean? Mother says it is very improper and unconventional for a girl to allow such things unless one is engaged and then it means affection."

It really isn't fair to the editorial writr or even the conductor of the sporting page to introduce the discussion of such live topics as these into the paper. And in the springtime, too.

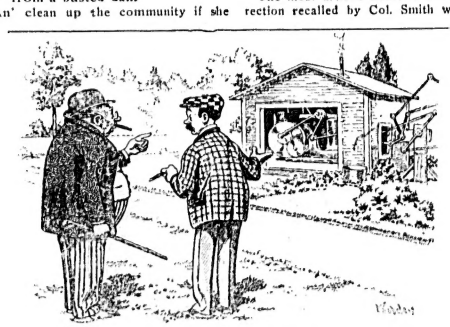
Col. Henry R. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Dominion Parliament since 1872, has some good stories to tell concerning the expedients employed by members of the House of Commons to questin tohe truthfulness of other honorable members without being called upon by the speaker to retract.

A Westerner once called a fellow-member a liar in the House, and when urged to retract remarked that he would withdraw the expression out of respect to the Speaker, but added that he would certainly call the member a liar outside the precincts of the chamber. But in most cases attacks on veracity are more cleverly clothed, in verblage.

The most artistic effort in this direction recalled by Col. Smith was that of a wit who, after listening to a speech from the benches opposite, said: "The statements of the honorable member just seated force me to the conclusion that if he had lived in the days of Sapphira he would have preferred him to Ananias as a husband."

THE QUICKER-QUICK-LUNCH.

Feed bags for office folks during noon hour. —Puck



MECHANICAL GENIUS

Visitor: "What's in that building over there, for heaven's sake?"

Suburbanite: "That's my additional power-plant. Runs the phonograph, sewing-machine, and washing-machine, you know!"—Puck.

HOW COULD SHE ASK IT?

"The Shrinking One: "Are you lukewarm or militant?" —Judge

One of the young men attached to the American Embassy at Berlin tells a story to illustrate that modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of courts.

A young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the King of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the King could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail boot-seller.

The young woman cabled home, and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer:

"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

"No," she replied, "I'm afraid they might recognize them."

"Sir," said the tramp, "I have not tasted food for seven days. Another half-hour of fasting and I must die."

"Then," exclaimed the philanthropist, "you shall live. Take this ticket, it will admit you in my stead to a sumptuous banquet, course after course, meats, wines, and dessert, a feast three hours long, glorious company, with Mr. Efforts, Mr. Toofew, Mr. Longyarn, Mr. Fested, and other eminent men."

"Will there be any after-dinner speeches?" asked the starving one.

"Columns of 'em," said the philanthropist.

And the tramp handed back the ticket, and crawled wearily away into a silent timber-yard to die.

Wigg—Young Sillicus says his heart is lacerated.

Wagg—Who's the lass?

Shortleigh—My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike.

Longleigh—Why, how's that?

Shortleigh—Plenty of wealth, but cold and distant.—Smart Set.

AS TO THE DOUBLE NEGATIVE

Teacher: "Havn't you studied your arithmetic lesson?"

Scholar: "No, 'm. I didn't have no time to learn nothing but me grammar lesson." Judge

An Edmonton magistrate has decided that bartenders are not obliged to serve colored patrons. Thirsty individuals who are unable to show the color of their money are subject to the same discrimination—Vancouver Province.

"There goes young Brown. He'll never set the world on fire."

"I'm not so sure of that. He may if he keeps on throwing live cigarette butts around."

An old darky was trying to describe how he preached. "It's dis a-way, boss," said he. "First Ah tells 'em w'at Ah'm gwine to tell 'em, den Ah—Ah tells 'em, an' den Ah tells 'em w'at Ah've told 'em."—Judge.

Just before the guests arrived the hostess took the umbrellas from the rack in the hall and hid them in the cellar.

"Surely," said the host, "you don't suspect that our guests will steal our umbrellas?"

George M. Cohan, the comedian, was talking about men's clothes.

"Blank," said Mr. Cohan, referring to a certain actor. "Blank is a well-dressed chap. Blank, I warrant you, will look superb in his new Easter clothes in the Easter Sunday parade on Fifth avenue."

"Blank would look well enough, I admit," said a tragedian, "only, hang it he is bow-legged."

"Oh, but that," said Mr. Cohan, "that is what gives him his arch look."

He—If you hadn't been so long dressing we shouldn't have missed this train.

She—And if you hadn't hurried me so we shouldn't have so long to wait for the next.—London Punch.

A man was telling the minister about his educated parrot.

"Ask him something," he urged.

"Polly want a cracker?" asked the parson.

"Naw, gimme three cards."

Home and Society

The dance given by the Officers of B squadron, 9th Alberta Dragoons, in the Oddfellows Hall on the south side, on Tuesday, April 23, was, without doubt, one of the jolliest affairs I remember in a six years' residence at the Capital.

Edmontonians, from this side of the river, who went over expecting that they would know very few at the dance, discovered that amalgamation was a more practical fact than they had ever imagined.

One man maintained that there were more North Siders there than there were Southerners, so everyone had the merriest kind of a time, plenty of partners, and went home declaring Major Marriott and his lieutenants, May, Calder, Bowen, Brick and Tipton, the best kind of jolly good fellows, and their dance a tremendous success.

The military decorations of the Hall made a splendid background for the dainty frocks of the women, and the scarlet toggeries of the soldier boys.

Down the entire length of the room flags were draped, and little forests of fir trees formed cosy sitting out places.

On the dais at the end, the orchestra was stationed, fixed bayonets being stacked around the base of the stage, with the regimental standard and colors occupying a proud position in the centre.

At the opposite end there was a canteen where delicious claret cup and lemonade could be obtained. Supper was served upstairs at small tables, and was very good indeed.

Turner's orchestra of eight pieces, furnished the music, playing a rattling fine programme of the most inspiriting airs.

Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Marriott ,mother of the chief host, in richest black charmeuse satin, with silver lace accessories, and a long white scarf of exquisite Spanish lace.

Mrs. Bowen, in pretty ecru silk, with touches of Saxe blue.

Mrs. Tipton, in most becoming yellow silk relieved with black lace, and bunches of violets.

Mrs. Frederick Jamieson, in lovely white satin with a beaded tunic of gold and chrystal, and French scarf, combining pale green blue and cerise, shaded chiffons, edged with brown marabout.

Mrs. Jas. Douglas in a very handsome black and blue beaded tunic over black satin.

Mrs. Harry Wilson in pretty draped turquoise ninon overdress, over blue satin.

Miss Skinner, an attractive young debutante from the South Side, in white painted chiffon in a rose design, over white satin, with chrystal garnitures.

And from this side of the river

Mrs. Saunders, in handsome black figured grenadine over rose silk and some fine diamond ornaments, with her Miss Beatrice Saunders, a dainty little figure in palest pink, and lovely lace overdress.

Mrs. D. J. MacNamara, in a stunning Drecoll mode of softest white satin, with a draped chiffon bodice sewn with chrystals, and a coral chiffon scarf.

Mrs. Hislop, who looked exceedingly pretty in black.

Mrs. Griesbach in rich white silk, with silver and chrystal tunic, a knot of crimson roses at her belt.

Mrs. Blackburn, in most becoming black.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie also in black, a green velvet bandeau and brilliant ornaments in her hair.

Miss Lillian Hardisty, very sweet and girlish in her coming-out frock, with Mrs. Hardisty who was looking stunning in rich black.

Miss Ross, in handsome black velvet and a rose pink scarf.

Miss Cameron, in dainty pale blue.

Miss Jessie Belcher, in the same becoming shade.

I noticed several of the officers from Winnipeg, who are holding military school in town present, among them Major Lipsett and Lieut. Russell.

* * *

After the play "Miss Nobody From Starland," a box party, composed of Mlle. Dubuc, Miss Kathleen Pace, Miss Aloysia McKenny, and Messrs. Spetia, West and De Massy motored over to the dance.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy's dance in the Cecil hotel this Friday night, is the big social attraction of the week.

* * *

Mrs. Pardee returned from a most enjoyable trip to the Coast on Friday last; Mr. Pardee remaining over in Winnipeg, for a couple of days.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild have taken a house on Seventh street, the north half of the one occupied by Mr. Fawcett.

* * *

Mrs. and the Misses Hughes are moving shortly into their new home on 11th street, having sold the house they now occupy on 7th street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith are home from a most enjoyable trip that included stops at Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg and Minneapolis.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Bowker are leaving this Saturday for their new home in London, Ont.

* * *

Mr. J. D. Bow was a host of a smart little dinner of six covers at the Corona in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, on Tuesday the other guests being Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Dickins and Mr. Cassells.

* * *

I am glad to hear encouraging reports from Miss Marion Thompson's sick-room. I believe it is now only a question of time and rest before she will be about again.

* * *

Mrs. J. V. E. Carpenter was the hostess of a little tea party on Thursday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. McCarter of Revelstoke, who has been such a much-feted visitor during her stay in town with her mother, Mrs. Howard Douglas, returned home last Saturday.

* * *

Mrs Gillespie will not receive again this season.

* * *

Madame P. E. Lessard chose a novel and very delightful way of entertaining her friends on Saturday, asking them to tea at the Corona, and then allowing them to form their own congenial parties, and enjoy a delicious repast, seated at various small tables all abloom with exquisite flowers, and with tempting dishes of sweets and nuts.

The fine dining-room of the hotel was utilized for the reception, and an orchestra played the catchiest popular airs throughout the afternoon.

Madame Lessard received her guests at the entrance, giving everyone a charming greeting. She was wearing a handsome costume of mauve pink satin, draped in Dresden painted chiffon, and trimmed with rich silver embroideries. With this was worn a large white picture hat, with heavy macrame lace crown, and caught with a great bunch of orchids and velvet at the side.

Madame Gariepy, her mother, was with her, wearing a rich gown of black satin with a mauve chiffon scarf, and a handsome black plumed hat.

Mrs. Forbes Reid also assisted in receiving, her gown being a striking one of pale blue satin, with a big white hat with white and black velvet ties.

Madame Wilfrid Gariepy, Madame E. Lessard, and Mlle. Pelletier helped guests.

Madame Gariepy looking very smart in a navy blue tailored suit, and a jaunty corn-colored small hat.

Among the smart and merry little groups, I noticed, Mrs. Bulyea, with Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Duncan Marshall and others enjoying tea in one of the private boxes. Mrs. Cross, who has just returned from abroad; Madame Cote, Madame Thibaudeau, Mrs. Dick Hardisty with her newly-engaged daughter, Mrs. Griesbach, Madame Martin, Madame Fontaine, Mrs. D. J. MacNamara, Madam Dubuc, Madame Tessier, Mrs. Bramly Moore, Mrs. Frank Walker, Mrs. Graydon, Madame Madore, Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, and many others.

* * *

On April 30th, Prof Currelly, of Toronto University, and curator of the museum, will deliver what promises to be a fascinating lecture on "Village Life in Egypt," before the members of the Women's Canadian club.

* * *

Last Saturday about thirty of Mrs. Bowker's most intimate friends gathered at "Garrykennagh" to tell her how sorry they were that she was leaving Edmonton, and present her with a tangible reminder of how much they loved, and would miss her.

Mrs. Bulyea and Mrs. Arthur Murphy were the spokeswomen of the occasion, and each in her own happy way voiced the general regret. Both paid Mrs. Bowker the highest personal tributes. Mrs. Bulyea speaking

Young Wife: "My husband understands absolutely nothing about cooking. No matter what I make he always takes it for something else.

SPORTING TERM—TAKING THE COUNT

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HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

Comparative Statement

Showing the Company's Growth Since its Incorporation

	Subscribed Capital	Capital Paid Up	Reserves	Total Assets
1882	$1,784,689.00	$1,196,172.25	$16,741.35	$1,377,622.53
1902	4,784,689.00	1,196,172.25	145,760.30	12,365,484.26
1912	4,784,689.00	1,196,172.25	394,750.13	12,413,963.05
1907	4,784,689.00	2,402,130.65	560,028.90	19,314,683.90
1910	7,718,133.76	3,859,066,88	861,214.24	32,059,213,24
1911	7,718,133.76	3,859,066.88	1,546,068,15	35,774,745.80

The above figures indicate the Company is Strong and Progressive. Money to Loan on improved farm and city property at lowest current rates and on favorable terms. Those who contemplate borrowing will find it to their advantage to communicate with this company or its agents before applying elsewhere. As the Company always has funds, there is no delay or uncertainty about completion of business.

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Is one of the most cruel maladies to which mankind is subject, the many complications arising from time to time making life seem almost unbearable. For many diseases, medical, scientific and physilological knowledge and experience, gained from years of deep research, has achieved remarkable results, but up to now, little has been discovered of practical value in the treatment and cure of diabetes. In fact, people have begun to look upon the disease as well nigh incurable. Even in the medical profession can be found doctors who are of the same opinion regarding sceptically any claim to ameliorate or improve the conditions of a diabetic patient. It can, however, be proved that SANOL'S ANTI-BIABETES, THE NEW GERMAN DISCOVERY, lastingly cures all cases of Diabetes.

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A New Style in Amateur Finishing. Come and take a look at some of our samples.

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When buying a watch don't forget Jackson Bros. specia

$10.00 Watch

16 size, gold filled 20-yea case, fitted with a 17 jewel special movement.

Fully Guaranteed.

JACKSON BROS.

New Store!

237 Jasper Av. E., Edmonto

Marriage Licenses Issued.

What constitutes recreation depends of course, on the point of view of the one who is recreated. This anecdote from the Troy Times shows what one small citizen thought enjoyable:

A boy in a certain State School for Dependent Children wrote his father thus: "Dear Papa. We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Seger broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."

A WILD-CAT ITEM

The Nursery Governess: "When Moses struck the rock what happened?"
Kittie (a promoter's daughter): "I suppose h floated it.'

more with regard to her personal attractive qualities, and Mrs. Murphy of her fine executive abilities.

With Mrs. Bulyea's speech went a silver mesh bag, which the mistress of Government House personally presented, saying that it was filled with good wishes, for her health and happiness, brimming, and running ovr.

Mrs. Bowker, in a very feeling reply, assured them that she couldn't forget them ever, ever and she never, never would even if she could, and then everybody drank tea, and tried to forget that it was a good-by party.

The tea table was presided over by Mrs. Swaisland and Mrs. Nightingale, and was beautifully arranged with palest pink tulips.

Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Scoble, and Mrs. Jack Anderson assisted.

Mrs. Sifton was wearing a trig little frock of changeable silk in mauve and pink shot effect, the bodice having a tunic effect of lace and braided embroidery.

Mrs. Bowker looked most attractive in a rich black satin toilette, with an over-dress of heavy net and wool embroideries of green and gold, and a large black picture hat, with handsome green plumes.

* * *

The last open meeting of the Edmonton Musical club will be held in the Separate School Hall th's Saturday afternoon, April 27th. An excellent programme has been provided.

* * *

Miss Alice Fielders is staying with Mrs. Bourchier.

* * *

Well, everybody apparently took in the "Green Stockings" at the Empire, the last three nights of last week. We never saw the articles themselves, but we did see Miss Anglin and what was, on the whole, a very excellent company.

I enjoyed it, yes, but Miss Anglin is hardly the Miss Anglin I had pictured. She has too many double chins, and certain mannerisms that do not add to her attractiveness. If "Green Stockings" is her best work I can but wonder. I liked her in it, but I have no ned of a new dictionary to express my praise of it.

Remember, Miss Anglin is referred to as a "star." And stars one expects to be away and above the run of common mortals. Smart society turned out by the hundreds on each evening of the performance, and there were any number of theatre and box parties on, with little suppers following.

I took in "Miss Nobody from Starland" on Monday night a crowded house greeting the initial performance.

I have heard some people knocking it since, but for myself I must confess that particularly in the rehearsal act, I found it a continual scream.

I know enough of amateur theatricals to appreciate the humor and truth of the trials that beset the unhappy stage manage of the Nobody Co. and I am free to confess I found the entire show a most laughable one. The music is not pretty, nor indeed can it be said to be catchy.

Miss Vale is another star who struck me as on the wane—but there you are, it managed to pass a very pleasant evening, and what else on earth do people go to a musical comedy for?

"The White Sister" played to a big audience on its opening night. I don't know that I care for that style of play. There is too much of the hysterical in its make-up. But it was well put on ,and there was some excellent work done. I am always surprised that a play on such a tragic theme, finds such a ready welcome with the crowd.

The world loves to laugh. It won't let you be serious, but it seems to gloat over wholesale doses of melodrama. Well, why quarrel with the people! Evidently they are getting what they want. Friday and Saturday, big houses are booked, and theatre parties galore have been arranged for.

I wonder if I am in a hypercritical mood this week or if I have only fallen into the bad habit of speaking my mind.

Mrs. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick's Bridge, on Thursday evening last, was one of the smart events of the week. About fifty guests enjoyed a jolly game amid the pleasantest kind of surroundings. Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick finally capturing the first lady's prize, a pair of dainty pink satin coat hangers, and Mr. Swaisland, the gentleman's, a brass ash tray.

During the serving of supper some of the non-Bridging men came in for their wives, bringing with them the evening's "extra" with the false reports of Capt. Smith's suicide and the wholesale slaughter of many of the Titanic's passengers.

Practically nothing else was talked about, friends going home together, still continuing to discuss the appalling nature of the news.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick received her guests at the entrance to the drawing-room, giving everyone a charming greeting, and looking very sweet and attractive in a soft gown of pale blue crepe de chine, elaborately inset with tucks and the loveliest lace.

With her were Mr. Kirkpatrick's two young daughters pretty wholesome girls in dainty white frocks.

Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Percy Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Nightingale, Dr. and Mrs. Hislop, Dr and Mrs. Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. J. O'Neil Hayes, Mrs. Calderon, Mr. and Mrs. Cautley, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C Fraser, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Bouchier, Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. de Wolf Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Anderson, Mme. Thibaudeau, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mr and Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Dickins, Mr. Michaelson, Mr. Spetia, Mr. Wilfrid Barnes, Mrs. Scott, Mr. Arthur Mowat, Mr. Reginald Cautley, Mr. Harry Hellicwell, Mr. Clive Walker, Mr. Charles Beck, Mr. Kennth Townshend.

* * *

I didn't go to the formal opening of the new Royal Alexandra Hospital on Thursday last. I knew there would be a crush, and heard later it was a jam. Empty buildings have little attraction for me. It's human interest I'm after, and so I am waiting until the institution is in full working order before I write it up, as I intend to. Those in charge told me that in connection with the building everything was lovely, and the arrangements well nigh perfect, but the opening "tea" was a wild struggle for a free feast.

One happy incident in connection with the affair was the presenting o Mrs Bowker of a beautiful silver coffee pot, suitably engraved from the members of the Ladies Hospital Aid, of which she was the valued treasurer. The President, Mrs. Braithwaite made the presentation.

* * *

Mrs. Kenneth Mac'onald will not receive again this season.

* * *

Mrs. Cautley's friends will be sorry to hear that she is confined to her bed through illness.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Jas. Biggar are expected home early in the coming week. I hear that Mrs. Biggar is feeling the benefit of the sea air and is returning much improved in health.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith left on Monday for a visit to the Coast.

* * *

Prof. Broadus has his mother, Mrs. A. T. Broadus of Alexandra, Virginia, with him on a visit.

* * *

Mrs. Gowan, Athabasca avenue, will not receive again this season.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne York are leaving this Saturday to spend a month or six weeks at the Coast.

* * *

The business men's luncheon, held in All Saints schoolroom on Thursday, in aid of St. Andrews church, was a great success, crowds patronizing the luncheon and various booths where useful and attractive things were on sale. During the afternoon tea was served and altogether St. Andrews should benefit very considerably as the result of the Bazaar.

Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Percy Barnes, Mrs. Arnold Soars, Mrs. Bourchier, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Griesbach, Mrs. Spratt, Mrs. Crookshank, and a bevy of the younger set, were those chiefly responsible for the success of the enterprise.

A DOUBLE-RUNNER.

A boy's ingenuity is best revealed by his ability to make things for himself—a point in which perhaps the American excels the European child. At any rate, an English contributor to the New York Sun thinks so.

"Passing down Lewis Avenue in Brooklyn one Saturday afternoon" writes the English visitor, "I saw a great many boys and girls enjoying themselves roller-skating. Among them I noticed one boy who was on ball-bearing skates.

"He was carrying a hockey-stick, on the curve of which he had fastened a pair of wheels from an old roller-skate. Half-way up the stick he had put a short piece of curtain pole, enough to form a seat.

"When he got to the top of the hill, he sat on the hockey-stick as if it were a hobby-horse, and what with the wheels on his feet and the wheels on the stick he had the ride of his life down the hill, and seemed to enjoy it more than most persons do a motor-car."

IN A FIELD.

In a field, not very far as birds would fly from Mexico the capital, I met Prisciliano, ploughing with a wooden plough. He came towards me, white against the greyish sky, and in the evening wind his large, white drawers flapped like sails. He did not hurry, though the darkness was approaching. Then I saw that he was middle-aged, a weather-beaten man; he smiled.

"Very good night," I said.

"That you may pass it well." He stood there, leaning on the plough, and with an undecide' look. He did not speak, but studied me as thoroughly as if he were a child.

And his intentions seemed to be pacific.

"Senor," he said, "I should be glad if you could play the flute. I have one." He removed his large hat carefully, and from the inside he produced this instrument. "It will be good if you can play," quoth he.

So primitive a thing it was that, as I held it in my hand, I wondered how it could produce coherent music.

"With permission," said Prisciliano, as he sat him down upon a rock. He put the huge sombrero on his head again, so that I who was standing over him could not observe his face. He sat there very patiently. How could I disappoint him?

Looking up and down the long, grey road I saw no possible suplente. These in Mexico are people who will do things for you when you happen to be incapacitated. All the deputies, for instance, have suplentes, who sit in the Chamber, legislating when the deputies are sick. The road was edged with trees that fluttered in the wind.

"It is a prety flute," said I.

"Ah!" said Prisciliano. He clasped his knees and slowly see-sawed on the rock. Then presently he took his hat off, fumbled in it till he found some cigarettes, and reached a packet up to me. "Perhaps before you start to play?" he said. From his expression one would have imagined that I had already played to him for several hours. I sat down at his side, and while he held his useful hat against the wind I lit my cigarette. "With your permission"—he had borrowed it to light his own, and then he put it back between my lips. For some few minutes we said nothing, but there was a pleasant music in the trees.

"You have been living here," I asked "a long time?" He was so completely in the picture.

"I have lived here always. . . . I am Prisciliano Guerra, at your orders."

It was restful to gaze out across the wide, brown field to where the mist was gathering. Beyond, there rose the dead volcano with the fingers of the red-gold sun laid on the snowy peak of it. And thus it was as if a blazing torch was lifted up into the sky. The shadows underneath it were as tender as the sky; they knew that in a little moment they would overwhelm the torch and all its bravery, as Time had overwhelmed that other blaze of the volcano. Very tender were the shadows as they closed upon the mountain's glory.

My friend expectorated. "You are thinking that one cannot live here always," so he said, "since there is naught that happens."

"But, Prisciliano!"

"As for me, I do not care," he said. "It does not touch me." And he let a smoky column rise up from the corner of his mouth. It did not live long in the wind.

(Concluded Next Week)

THE MORNING AFTER

"What do you know about that?"

WIFE OF THE P.M. TALKS TO WOMEN

TELLS WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID FOR HER.

She Suffered for Two Years and Found a Cure for all Her Troubles in a Single Box.

Lower Caraquet, Gloucester, N. B., April 22. (Special).—Mrs. Jos. C. Chiasson, wife of the police magistrate here ,who for two years has been practically an invalid, is again in the best of health, and she is telling her friends how quick and complete was her cure when she took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My illness," Mrs. Chiasson says, "was caused by a strain, and for two years I was a sufferer. My back ached, I was always tired and nervous, there were dark circles under my eyes and after sleeping I had a bitter taste in my mouth.

"I had a pressure and sharp pain on thirsty and my skin had a harsh, dry feeling. I was often dizzy, I perspired easily and my perspiration had an unpleasant odor.

"Almost from the first dose Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me and by the time I had finished the first box I was a well woman."

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THE LINE AT LETHBRIDGE LAND OFFICE.

What would Ottawa, Montreal or Toronto think if Parliament had passed a law that would cause a hundred men to line up in front of a principal building on a main street to stand in line from April 7th to the first of May—to stand in line day and night for those twenty-three days without regard to sanitary conditions. To incite men so to do the Government has hung up large prizes. The men at the head of the line will secure many thousand dollars worth of land as an almost free gift on the first of May. Little wonder that men have gone long distances for the chance. A month ago we drew attention to the inevitable nature of this scandalous programme, and urged the government to provide against it, not in the way adopted across the line of casting lots but by putting these exceptionally valuable lands up to public auction. It is due to the government's inaction that this scene is taking place to-day as foretold. The least the Government can do, if it will not alter the law, and secure to the nation the value of the lands it is disposing of, is to arrange that the future disposal of such lands shall take place in front of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, while Parliament is in session and not thrust on a small town a situation that it would not for a day endure.—Montreal Witness.

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New Light on the Charge of The Light Brigade

The Army and Navy Gazette publishes an interesting statement written by Lord Cardigan for Mrs. Norton, the well-known authoress, which throws an entirely new light on the circumstances which led up to the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. Lord Cardigan says:

The brigade was suddenly ordered to mount, upon which I sent one of my aides de camp to reconnoitre the ground. Lord Lucan then came in front of my brigade and said: 'Lord Cardigan, you will attack the Russians in the battery.' I said: 'Certainly, my lord; but allow me to point out to you that there is a battery in front, a battery on each flank, and that the ground is covered with Russian riflemen.' Lord Lucan answered, 'I cannot help that; it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the Light Brigade is to attack the enemy,' upon which he ordered the 11th Hussars back to support the 17th Lancers. After advancing about eight yards a shell fell within reach of my horse's feet, and Capt. Nolan, who was riding across the front, returned with his arm up, through the intervals of the brigade. I led straight down to the battery without seeing anybody else in front of me. I had to restrain some of the officers, who got very much excited within eighty yards of the battery by the heavy fire.

I led into the battery and through the Russian guns, limber carriages and ammunition waggons in the rear; I rode within twenty yards of the line of Russian cavalry, was attacked by two Cossacks, slightly wounded by their lances and with difficulty got away from them, they trying to surdound me. On arriving at the battery, through which I had led, I found no part of the brigade.

I rode slowly up the hill and met Gen. Scarlett. I said to him: 'What do you think, General, of——, after such an order being brought to us which has destroyed the Light Brigade, the officer riding to the rear and screaming like a woman?' Sir John Scarlett replied: 'Do not say any more, for I have ridden over his body.'

Lord Lucan was present at the conversation. I then rode to the place from which we had turned off and found all my brigade there, and upon having them counted that there were 193 mounted men out of 670. I immediately rode to Lord Raglan, to make my report, who siad in a very angry way: 'What od you mean, sir, by attacking a battery in front contrary to all the usages of warfare and the custom of the service?'

Upon which I said: 'My Lord, I hope you will not blame me, for I received my orders to attack from my superior in front of the troops.' I then narated what I had done as described above.

The charge of the Light Brigade only lasted twenty minutes.

(Signed) CARDIGAN.

This is the first account there has ever been of a persogal interview between Lord Lucan, commander of the cavalry division, and Lord Cardigan before the charge. It has hitherto been believed that Capt. Nolan, Lord Lucan's aide, came to Cardigan with the message: 'The Light Brigade will advance.' Cardigan asked what was to be his objective, and Nolan, pointing with his sword to the Russian battery in front, said, in the presence of the troops, 'My Lord, there are your enemies.' Cardigan's soldierly pride was stung and he immediately ordered the brigade to charge 'into the valley of death.'

Capt. Nolan, a hot-headed Irishman, seeing that a disastrous misunderstanding had occurred, rode across the front of the brigade and with gestures of his sword endeavored to divert them to their true objecive, which was the right flank of the Russians. He was, however, instantaneously killed; but the stiffened muscles kept him on his horse, and he rode a dead man through the ranks of the brigade with his sword arm uplifted as Lord Cardigan describes. Lord Cardigan's words that he rode 'screaming like a woman,' however, seems to show that life, though not consciousness, remained for a season.

The new version vindicates the memory of Nolan. It shows that the blame for the bluuder rests on Lord Lucan himself. Nolan's share was confined to the attempt to direct the brigade on ta its objective. The rebuke of Lord Raglan is interesting as showing that the blunder committed was recognized at the time.

There is probably more trashy stuff sold in the baking powder line than in any other line. Most of it contains large quantities of alum. To avoid the use of this dangerous acid, see that all ingredients are plainly stated in English on the package. The words "No Alum" on the package or in an Ad. is not sufficient.

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He: "It was most fortunate that when I gave my first concert last summer two people were carried out in a fainting condition."

She (sweetly): "Ah, but your voice has improved so much since, Mr. Howler. Published by special arrangement.—The Tatler

"YER HUSBAND WON'T BE HOME TO-NIGHT."

Judge Edgar M. Phelps of Davenport Neck, Nw Rochelle, said today he soon would begin experiments for inbreeding carrier-pigeons and parrots to carry oral messages.—Recent news item.

WHERE FATHER GOES A-COURTING.

A humorous plaint often goes up on behalf of the bridegroom, whose presence at a modern wedding seems merely to be tolerated. But the bridegroom's case is sometimes even worse, for in certain parts of the globe he may not be present even at his own betrothal. The following passage is from Chedo Mijatovich's interesting account of the customs of his countrymen, in "Servia of the Servians."

It is the duty and privilege of every Servian to choose a wife for his son. As soon as the boy has reached his eighteenth year, the Servian peasant asks his friends, confidentially, to help him find a proper wife. He himself visits assiduously all the fairs in his own and neighboring districts—dressing better than usual—and watches the girls dancing. He makes careful inquiries about the families that have marriageable daughters.

In some parts of Servia the young unmarried women carry a special mark in their head-gear—generally a red feather—to indicate that they are open to proposals.

When the father has chosen a promising girl, he ascertains, through a friend, whether the parents woul' consent to give her to his son. If he receives an encouraging answer, he invites relatives or friends to go with him on the "requesting errand." They start out, dressed as well as can be. The father carries a flat wheat cake and a bunch of flowers. One of the company must carry a pistol, for it is customary in Servia to announce every joyous event by firing rifles or pistols. They arrive at the girl's house before supper.

After eating and drinking—in which the men alone of the two houses participate—and some preliminary conversation, the father of the prospective bridegroom draws from his bag the wheaten cake, puts the flowers upon it, and places the whole upon the table. He then takes from his money-bag some gold or silver coins and places those, too, upon the cake.

"Brother, let us not precipitate the matter," the girl's father will then say. "Let me first find out what my daughter says."

This is only for appearances, as the matter was practically settled when the father was encouraged to come to "beg" the girl.

After more or less suspense, the door opens and a male relative brings the girl in. He leads her to the father of her prospective husband, before whom she bends deeply and kisses his right hand.

The ring is finally brought to the engaged girl on the appointed day by a company of the bridegroom's male relatives, but this is chiefly a pretext for the bridegroom's relatives to make the girl's acquaintance. The bridegroom is not present even on that occasion.

"What kinds of breakfast food have you?" the dyspeptic inquired of the waitress at Cherryville Inn, who stood before him with her arms akimbo.

"We've got all the reg'lar kinds," said the waitress, who was a Cherryville girl; "ham an' eggs, fried steak, brook-trout, doughnuts an' apple pie. You can have 'em all if you like, an' a cup o' coffee an' griddle-cakes. We calculate to charge enough so folks can eat all they want".

THE BUSYBODY AND THE BOY.

Curiosity and the patronizing disposition make a blend in a man that he often confidently believes a fine altruistic interest in his fellow creatures. But however fine and altruistic he may think it himself, it is not likely, as a story from the New York Times clearly shows, to survive the sharp inspection of any one so quick-witted as the youngster of the city streets.

The urchin climbed up the car steps, wormed himself into a seat beside the Busybody, and with anxious care fixed between his feet the basket he was carrying.

"What have you in that basket, my boy?" asked his neighbor, bending over confidentially. "I notice how careful you are of it. It must be something quite valuable."

"You're right," said the boy. "It's somethin' that's worth a whole heap."

"Well, won't you tell me what it is?"

"Not much! Think I want to get pinched?"

This was too much for Busybody; his curiosity, heretofore merely casual grew suddenly acute

"Well, sonny, I've a notion that if I gave you a nickel you'd tell me what you have in that basket."

"Make it a dime," whispered the boy. "Only you've got to promise not to give me away to de cop."

"Why, of course."

The boy pocketed the coin.

"Well," he said, confidentially, "there's a kind of a baby in there. I hooked 'im and put 'im in there when there wasn't nobody lookin'. I'll get a reward for returnin' 'im."

"You young villain, do you mean to say you have a baby in that basket? Lying in that thing will kill it! Where did you get it?"

"I picked it up in front of one of the big stores. It was alone, so I just took it. Nobody'll miss it."

"Do you mean to say its mother had deserted it?"

"Sure, its mother wasn't nowhere round."

"How old is it?"

"Oh, a month or two months, I guess. Big enough to squeal—so I tied a rag round its mouth.

"Lift up that cover and let me see it!"

"Hol' on! You promised not to give me away."

"Yes, but I didn't expect—"

He lifted the cover eagerly and looked in. Curled up on an old cloth, and sleeping comfortably, was an insignificant-looking yellow puppy.

The boy jumped up, grinning.

"Here's where I get off. T'anks for the dime. And say, I'l' tell you one ten times as good for a quarter. Come and see me some time at me house on Fift' Avenoo? So long!"

THRIFT OR SOMETHING WORSE?

No doubt the Scotsman of whom the London Chronicle tells thought well of himself for this thrift. What his traveling companions thought of him may easily be imagined.

It was in the smoking compartment and he turned to the man on his right with the question, "Hae ye a match?" The reply was a regretful negative. A similar inquiry addressed to the only other occupant of the carriage met with a similar response. "Ah, weel," exclaimed the son of Scotland, ruefully, "I must e'en use yin of my ain!"

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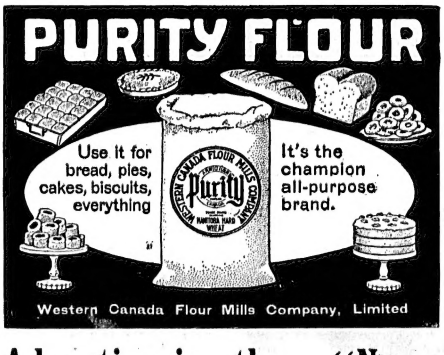

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THE INVESTOR

Mr. H. M. P. Eckardt, who is undoubtedly the best authority on Canadian banking matters, discusses in Canadian Finance the change which will come when Alberta's crop begins to go out by way of the Pacific after the opening of the Panama. This will be of such enormous consequence to the province that it is well worth while republishing the article in full. Mr. Eckardt writes:

In the East, as well as in the West, certain of the financial interests have begun to discuss the changes that will be effected when wheat from Alberta and part of Saskatchewan begins to find its way in volume to Europe via the Pacific. That is one of the developments which the prospective opening of the Panama Canal is expected to effect. So far as the grain production of Manitoba is concerned one may expect that it will continue to move east to Fort William, Port Arthur and Duluth—during the season of lake navigation at any rate. Doubtless, it will be some little while before the shipping community finally delineates the confines of the territory which will then be subject to the Lake Superior ports and of the territory subject to the big ports on the Pacific Coast.

From How Far East Will Wheat Go West?

Were it not for the Rocky Mountains the territory upon which Vancouver and Prince Rupert would draw might extend much further east. In the case of the existing line of railway, which goes entirely through to the Coast, the large expenditure on fuel required to fight the grades encountered in the mountain passes, operates to handicap the western route quite materially. The general public does not, perhaps, realize that in the haul eastwards from points in Saskatchewan and Albertaa the law of gravity operates to a certain extent to lessen the expense.

However, it will be remembered that navigation does not close for the winter at Vancouver, and that Prince Rupert also will be open throughout the whole year. It is, therefore, safe enough to presume that during the winter months—from 1st December till some time in April—the boundary of the territory subject to the Pacific route will temporarily be pushed further east. It is also to be expected that the territory from which the G. T.P. will haul wheat westwards will extend farther east than the territory similarly drawn upon by the Canadian Pacific—inasmuch as the gradients in the Yellowhead Pass route are considerably less than those in the Kicking Horse.

Greater All-the-Year-Round Movement.

In certain respects, when the western route is in full working order, the banks should be enabled to finance the crop movement with less effort. Under the conditions presently prevailing, the shipments of grain, on which they advance, are capable of being turned over quickly during the early part of the season—while lake navigation is open. Thus, the banks participate freely in financing the movement of wheat to Fort William and Port Arthur or to Duluth. As the stuff is cleared from these ports, the banks receive drafts on Montreal or on New York, with documents attached, which are quickly converted into sterling bills negotiable in New York. After lake navigation closes, this quick conversion does not proceed on so large a scale. A certain amount of wheat is shipped eastwards from the lake ports via the all-rail route, but the freight charge on such shipments is necessarily high; and besides it is possible to send out this way only a fraction of the remaining portion of the crop. So the terminal elevators and the elevators at country points gradually fill up, and the bank loans by means of which this wheat was bought from the farmers, becomes dead or quiet, until the water route opens again in the spring. Thus, many millions of bank funds are locked up through the winter months. Even when Saskatchewan and Alberta begin to send their wheat to the Pacific Coaast, it is probable that there will be a certain amount of these dead loans returned by the grain trade, as it will be cheaper to send the grain to Fort William or Port Arthur from points in Manitoba, and pay storage on it for several months than it would be to haul it to Vancouver and Prince Rupert. But in the case of points further west, the freight rates to the Coast would be less.

It is to be expected that the banks would be disposed in certain cases to urge shipments westwards during the winter, even when the cost of reaching the European market by that route was slightly greater than the cost of shipping eastwards. They might take this attitude, especially in seasons in which there was something of a stringency in money. If there was doubt as to whether there would be funds enough to supply all legitimate needs, then it would seem to the banks advisable to have as large a portion of the crop as possible go out via Vancouver and Prince Rupert.

How Shipments Would Relieve Banking Strain.

In the case of shipments west, the banks would be required to advance, in the first instance, upon the railway bills of lading covering the journey from the primary shipping port to the seaport, in exactly the same manner as they now advance upon shipments from primary points to the Lake Superior ports.

But in the winter season, as well as in the spring and fall, wheat arriving at the Pacige ports could be shipped at once to Europe. The banks in Vancouver and Prince Rupert would at once receive the bills of exchange drawn against such shipments, and the marine documents pertaining to them; and in the course of six days the exchange would be available for selling in the New York market. This would be much less exhausting than the other process under which as at present the loans of the big grain concerns rise to mammoth proportions early in the winter season, and continue to increase because of the non-existence, in that season, of water transportation facilities from the storage points in Europe.

PARKS IN SUBDIVISIONS ENTERING CITY

The Edmonton council at this week's meeting adopted a resolution, on the deciding vote of the mayor, to make it a rule that when a petition is presented to have certain property incorporated in the city, sufficient acreage be set aside to cover all necessities that will arise for park purposes, half of which the owners are to donate.

This is a very original proposition. Too much cannot be said in favor of providing for future park requirements and the owners of all property about such provision of their own accord. But it is hard to see how they are to be forced to give up a portion of their land for this purpose.

The difficulty in connection with the annexation of new territory to a city almost invariably arises out of the unwillingness of the property owners affected to come in. Concessions have to be offered to them and it is a new thing entirely to try to make them pay a price for doing so. If they come in and submit to additional taxation as a result, no penalty should be attached to their doing so. If obstacles are placed in their way, it will simply mean the growth of settlements on the outskirts that will have most of the adantages which the city has to offer and will not meet their share of the financial burden.

Work is progressing very rapidly at the high level bridge. The steel is now out far enough from the Strathcona side to make a bridge of fairly large proportions. When one considers this and notes how much has yet to be done before the north side is reached, he realizes how enormous the structure is to be.

The contractors expect to have the east end bridge finished by the first of August. Work is now progressing on the third and longest span.

A striking photograph of the youngest, daintiest and cleverest musical star on the American stage, Miss Elsie Janis, who comes to the Empire on Saturday, May 4th, in the New York musical success "The Slim Princess."

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Music and Drama

Preparations are well under way for the annual musical festival to be held the middle of May. A change has been necessary in connection with the concert which has closed the festival in former years. The Thistle rink is now devoted to other purposes, so two concerts will be given on the evenings of May 15 and 15 in McDougall church. Mr. Wadell, one of last year's judges, paid a warm tribute the other day in an eastern publication to the fine spirit of co-operation among Edmonton musicians, of which the success of the festival is evidence. Every word of it was deserved.

Sir John Hare, who was unfortunately prevented by sudden illness from acting as judge at the Earl Grey dramatic competition, addressed the Canadian Club in Ottawa a day or two after his arrival and in the course of his remarks had the following to say:

"When," he said, "I reflect that in other countries the theatre and the support of the theatre are considered so much of national importance that the state subsidizes its chief theatres in order to relieve them of those commercial responsibilities which tend to hinder and hamper the development of the highest dramas that it preserves the noblest and finest traditions of the stage; that it enables and encourages the people to witness the masterpieces of great authors, past and present; and last, that it adds to the respect and consideration to which the art of the theatre is entitled throughout the world, we may claim that it is a matter of national importance and of national concern."

A national theatre means an attempt to raise the drama to a higher scale than the people demand. This may be all right under a benevolent despotism but is it practicable under a democracy? The great thing is for the people, who want to see the public taste improve, to patronize good plays and not denounce the theatre as an institution. In this way and this way alone can it be improved by following ordinary commercial lines.

The architect of Mr. Sherman's new Edmonton theatre, Mr. L. H. Wardrop, reached the city last week and announced that work would be proceeded with immediately.

The solid concrete structure planned by Mr. Wardrop will, in most respects be a duplicate of the Sherman Grand, with certain improvements and the elimination of several details of faulty construction. There will be three stories to the building, but a foundation for an eight-storey structure will be laid. The front of the two upper floors will be devote to bachelor's suites. The theatre itself will have a seating capacity of 1,500 persons. There will be a parquet, a mezzanine and a balcony as well as a spacious promenade. In the lobby there will be a men's smoking room and a women's retiring room with a matron in charge of the latter. Twelve boxes are to be provided, two tiers of three boxes each on each side of the stage.

The stage will have a depth of 35 feet instead of 40 feet as is the case in the Calgary Sherman Grand, and a width of 80 feet, the same as the Calgary theatre. The opening will also be the same, 36x27 feet. Twenty-five dressing rooms and four shower baths will be provided on the ground floor for the companies.

The property on which the new theatre will stand was purchased by Mr. Sherman last fall for $36,000, and has a frontage of 80 feet and a depth of 120 feet. The play-house will stand exactly eight feet north of the Empire, and will be managed by Bert Russell, the resident manager of the present local home of travelling organizations.

"We will benefit by our experience with the Sherman Grand in Calgary," said Mr. Sherman, Saturday. "Loges, we have found, are not only a needless expense, but also have a tendency to obscure the vision of patrons immediately in the rear of them. It is intention to eliminate certain other features of the house that have proved objectionable in the Calgary house, but if anything the Edmonton playhouse will be better in most every respect than the one that Forbes-Robertson officially opened. It will hard to say when the local house will be opened as in the case of the Calgary theatre something may arise to delay the construction for three months after we expect the first public performance, but it is certain that everyhing will be in readiness by September 1."

W. A. Brady and the Shuberts are arranging a revival of "Patience," one of the most popular of the Gilbert & Sullivan comic operas. The cast will include the following stars: Fritzi Scheff, Eugene Cowles, Eva Davenport, George McFarlane, Arthus Aldridge and Violette Gillette and will be put on one of the Broadway heatres for a summer run.

A London (Eng.) paper of nearly fifty years ago published the following news. It is interesting to us who now have the talking machine, the mechanical player with electricity as a medium, the telharmonium, etc.:

New York.—An American, C. P. Hachenberg, who, to judge by his name, is of German extraction, makes the following announcement: "I have determined, by means of electricity, to supply every house with music, just as it is supplied with gas and water by means of pipes. About the middle of the town I erect the central station, the music manufactory. It will include a piano as the machine, and a first-rate pianist to work it. Every one who subscribes will be provided with a piano. Every such piano is connected by electric wires with the central piano, so that when my distinguished pianist plays the overture to "Don Juan," with the utmost virtuosity and the deepest feeling, all the pianos connected with the central one will perform the overture at the same time and in the same manner. If the demand is large I will have the playing go on day and night metal stopper, and the melodies will continue to flow in uninterrupted joyousness."

The following is taken from "Musical America" for January 27:

On Friday of last week warrants were issued for the arrest of Marc A. Blumenberg, William Geppert and other editors and officers of The Musical Courier Company, as indictments by the Grand Jury, in Chicago, had been found against them on charges of criminal libel and attempted blackmail.

The charges were brought at he instance of the Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Co., a large, wealthy and old established concern. Julius Steger, the president of the company, claims that a representative of the Musical Courier Trade Extra, which is the name of the industrial paper published by The Musical Courier Co., called upon him and showed him two articles relating to his business, one of a highly favorable character and the other of a very unfavorable character.

Mr. Steger claims that the representative demanded $5,000 for the publication of the favorable article, failing the payment of which sum the defamatory article, with many others to follow, would appear.

Mr. Steger claims that he threw the man out and that thereupon a series of grossly libelous articles appeared in the publication, which finally caused him to take the case to the district attorney and to the Grand Jury, which had found indictments.

The defendants were held in bail on ten counts, $1,000 on each count, which meant $10,000 bail for each.

Although a warrant for Mr. Blumenberg has been issued it could not be served, as Mr. Blumenberg for some time past has taken up his domicile in Paris.

In this connection it may be said that there are a large number of libel suits now pending against Mr. Blumenberg and The Musical Courier Co., one of them being for $250,000, brought by the great musical house of Lyon & Healy, of Chicago. Another suit has been brought by Nathan Burkan, for heavy damages. Mr. Burkan was the attorney for Victor Herbert in his suit for damages against the Courier, in which he recoered a verdict for $6,000 and costs.

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Music and Doama

Preparations are well under way for the annual musical festival to be held the middle of May. A change has been necessary in connection with the concert which has closed the festival in former years. The Thistle rink is now devoted to other purposes, so two concerts will be given on the evenings of May 15 and 15 in McDougall church. Mr. Wadell, one of last year's judges, paid a warm tribute the other day in an eastern publication to the fine spirit of co-operation among Edmonton musicians, of which the success of the festival is evidence. Every word of it was deserved.

Sir John Hare, who was unfortunately prevented by sudden illness from acting as judge at the Earl Grey dramatic competition, addressed the Canadian Club in Ottawa a day or two after his arrival and in the course of his remarks had the following to say:

"When," he said, "I reflect that in other countries the theatre and the support of the theatre are considered so much of national importance that the state subsidizes its chief theatres in order to relieve them of those commercial responsibilities which tend to hinder and hamper the development of the highest dramas that it preserves the noblest an' finest traditions of the stage; that it enables and encourages the people to witness the masterpieces of great authors, past and present; and last, that it adds to the respect and consideration to which the art of the theatre is entitled throughout the world, we may claim that it is a matter of national importance and of national concern."

A national theatre means an attempt to raise the drama to a higher scale than the people demand. This may be all right under a benevolent despotism but is it practicable under a democracy? The great thing is for the people, who want to see the public taste improve, to patronize good plays and not denounce the theatre as an institution. In this way and this way alone can it be improved by following ordinary commercial lines.

The architect of Mr. Sherman's new Edmonton theatre, Mr. L. H. Wardrop, reached the city last week and announced that work would be proceeded with immediately.

The solid concrete structure planned by Mr. Wardrop will, in most respects be a duplicate of the Sherman Grand, with certain improvements and the elimination of several details of faulty construction. There will be three stories to the building, but a foundation for an eight-storey structure will be laid. The front of the two upper floors will be devote to bachelor's suites. The theatre itself will have a seating capacity of 1,500 persons. There will be a parquet, a mezzanine and a balcony as well as a spacious promenade. In the lobby there will he a men's smoking room and a women's retiring room with a matron in charge of the latter. Twelve boxes are to be provided, two tiers of three boxes each on each side of the stage.

The stage will have a depth of 35 feet instead of 40 feet as is the case in the Calgary Sherman Grand, and a width of 80 feet, the same as the Calgary theatre. The opening will also be the same, 36x27 feet. Twenty-five dressing rooms and four shower baths will be provided on the ground floor for the companies.

The property on which the new theatre will stand was purchased by Mr. Sherman last fall for $36,000, and has a frontage of 80 feet and a depth of 120 feet. The play-house will stand exactly eight feet north of the Empire, and will be managed by Bert Russell, the resident manager of the present local home of travelling organizations.

"We will benefit by our experience with the Sherman Grand in Calgary," said Mr. Sherman, Saturday. "Loges, we have found, are not only a needless expense, but also have a tendency to obscure the vision of patrons immediately in the rear of them. It is intention to eliminate certain other features of the house that have proved objectionable in the Calgary house, but if anything the Edmonton playhouse will be better in most every respect than the one that Forbes-Robertson officially opened. It will hard to say when the local house will be opened as in the case of the Calgary theatre something may arise to delay the construction for three months after we expect the first public performance, but it is certain that everyhing will be in readiness by September 1."

W. A. Brady and the Shuberts are arranging a revival of "Patience," one of the most popular of the Gilbert & Sullivan comic operas. The cast will include the following stars: Fritzi Scheff, Eugene Cowles, Eva Davenport, George McFarlane, Arthus Aldridge and Violette Gillette and will be put on one of the Broadway heatres for a summer run.

A London (Eng.) paper of nearly fifty years ago published the following news. It is interesting to us who now have the talking machine, the mechanical player with electricity as a medium, the telharmonium, etc.:

New York.—An American, C. P. Hachenberg, who, to judge by his name, is of German extraction, makes the following announcement: "I have determined, by means of electricity, to supply every house with music, just as it is supplied with gas and water by means of pipes. About the middle of the town I erect the central station, the music manufactory. It will include a piano as the machine, and a first-rate pianist to work it. Every one who subscribes will be provided with a piano. Every such piano is connected by electric wires with the central piano, so that when my distinguished pianist plays the overture to "Don Juan," with the utmost virtuosity and the deepest feeling, all the pianos connected with the central one will perform the overture at the same time and in the same manner. If the demand is large I will have the playing go on day and night metal stopper, and the melodies will continue to flow in uninterrupted joyousness."

The following is taken from "Musical America" for January 27:

On Friday of last week warrants were issued for the arrest of Marc A. Blumenberg, William Geppert and other editors and officers of The Musical Courier Company, as indictments by the Grand Jury, in Chicago, had been found against them on charges of criminal l'bel and attempted blackmail.

Th e charges were brought at he instance of the Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Co., a large, wealthy and old established concern. Julius Steger, the president of the company, claims that a representative of the Musical Courier Trade Extra, which is the name of the industrial paper published by The Musical Courier Co., called upon him and showed him two articles relating to his business, one of a highly favorable character and the other of a very unfavorable character.

Mr. Steger claims that the representative demanded $5,000 for the publication of the favorable article, failing the payment of which sum the defamatory article, with many others to follow, would appear.

Mr. Steger claims that he threw the man out and that thereupon a series of grossly libelous articles appeared in the publication, which finally caused him to take the case to the district attorney and to the Grand Jury, which had found indictments.

The defendants were held in bail on ten counts, $1,000 on each count, which meant $10,000 bail for each.

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